



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARY

A standard linear barcode is positioned at the top left of the white label. It consists of vertical black bars of varying widths on a white background.

3 3433 07580890 1

I. Poetry, American

(V2)

NBI
Low

Songs from a Georgia Garden

Books by Robert Loveman

POEMS, 1896

**A BOOK OF VERSES
THE GATES OF
SILENCE**

*Cloth. Each, postpaid,
\$1.00*

Songs from a Georgia Garden

AND ECHOES FROM

The Gates of Silence

BY

ROBERT LOVEMAN

R

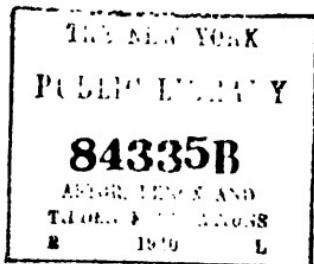


PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

1904

F. .



COPYRIGHT, 1904

BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Published November, 1904

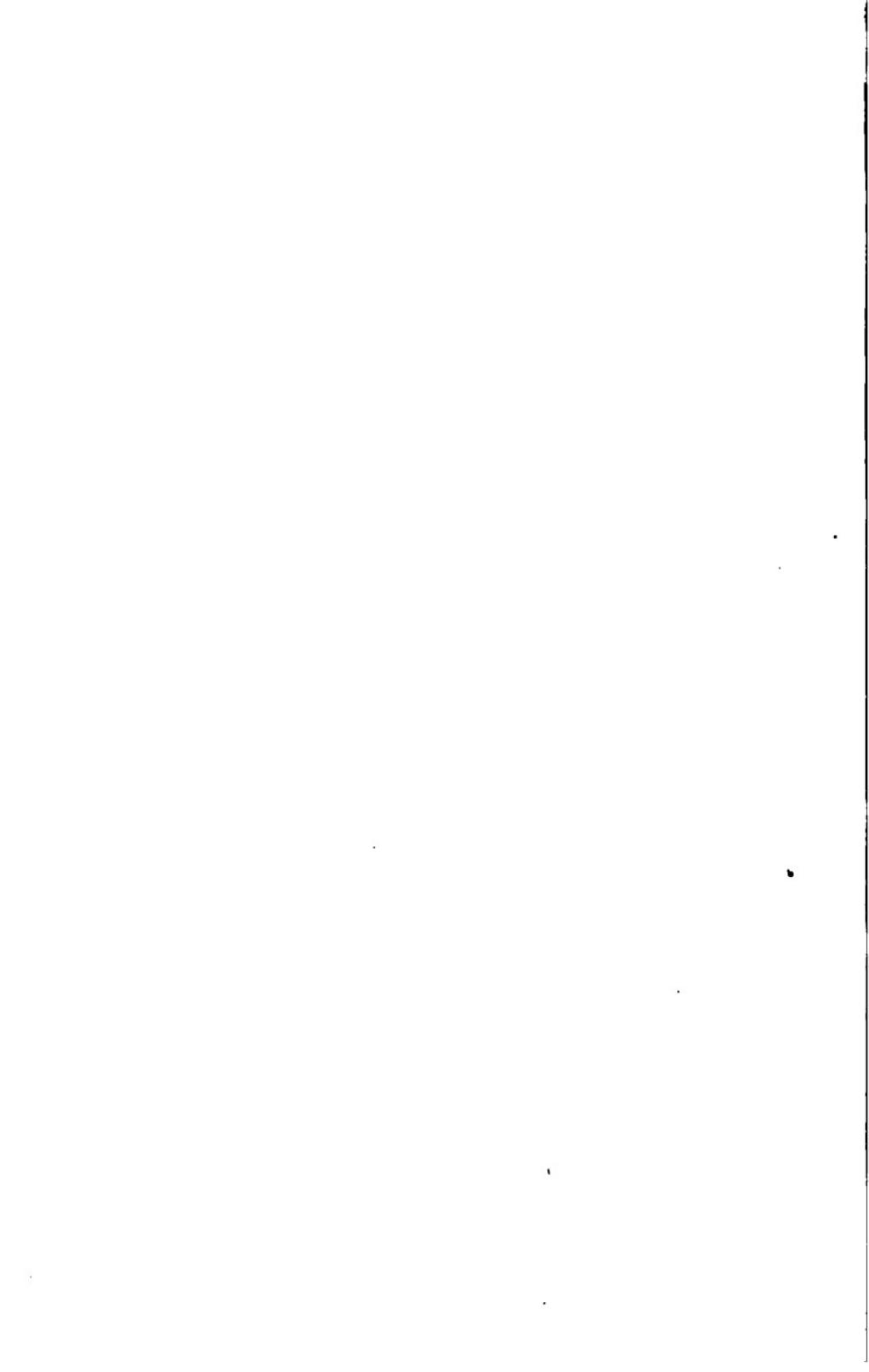
Printed by

J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me ;—

• • • • •
Come hither, come hither, come hither.

AMIENS SONG.



Contents

SONGS FROM A GEORGIA GARDEN

	PAGE
I.—Because I never cared for fame	9
II.—To-morrow will be another day,	10
III.—I thought to cull thee roses	11
IV.—My Muse is like a woman	12
V.—My heart and my soul and I	13
VI.—I know why thou wast born my song	14
VII.—A flake at a time the dawn drifts down	15
VIII.—The deep dusk drifted down	16
IX.—Here is my Lady Butterfly	17
X.—La Joconde	18
XI.—Turiddu, thee, this woman loved	19
XII.—I pinèd in a palace grand	20
XIII.—I caught a noontide hour	21
XIV.—Take these timid violets	22
XV.—Song	23
XVI.—He wantons with the blushing East	24

	PAGE
XVII.—This Stradivari, sweet and good	25
XVIII.—Drenched in a dew of tender tears	26
XIX.—My heart was burned out long ago	27
XX.—Tear song	28
XXI.—The dark is dying, dying	29
XXII.—A mist came over the mountain	30
XXIII.—The wind is such a gossip	31
XXIV.—The rhymes came in the rain	32
XXV.—Abelard and Heloise	33
XXVI.—Out of the turbid pool of Night	34
XXVII.—Some time the rhyme will come and cling	35
XXVIII.—A certain thought hath followed me	36
XXIX.—You never see a bird alone	37
XXX.—A rose in winter	38
XXXI.—When my dear Love is absent	39
XXXII.—A riot in the rose-bush	40
XXXIII.—In youth mine eager eyes were bright	41
XXXIV.—Clad in a bridal robe of snow	42
XXXV.—To Heni	43
XXXVI.—Star song	45
XXXVII.—In ancient Greece	46
XXXVIII.—In Switzerland	47
XXXIX.—I follow Song	48

	PAGE
XL.—We are so merry, contented, and gay	49
XLI.—Morning song	50
XLII.—Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Poe	51
XLIII.—Heart, we were so happy then	52
XLIV.—Winter song	53
XLV.—At the urn	54
XLVI.—Doves	55
XLVII.—Off Santiago	56
XLVIII.—I bowed to a tree, and his thought unto me	57
XLIX.—Ode to Liberty	58
L.—All the people of the earth	60
LI.—To the Nations	61



THE GATES OF SILENCE

I.—Orb after orb, sphere upon sphere	69
II.—The lily whispered: “From the sod”	70
III.—We stand upon a narrow strip of years	71
IV.—What! I fear Death?	72
V.—Deeply dark God’s secret dwells	73
VI.—Come, O night, with peace and rest	74
VII.—Man, the atom, boldly goes	75
VIII.—Fate flings her gauntlet at my feet	76

	PAGE
IX.—Time doth not fly, nor creep, nor crawl, nor run	77
X.—If we must come to naught	78
XI.—O goodly plot of sky and earth	79
XII.—I thought that I had died and, fleet of soul	80
XIII.—Two legions battling in the blood	81
XIV.—Poor, hoping, praying, helpless man	82
XV.—The shades of evening softly fall	83
XVI.—This life we know, of bliss and woe	84
XVII.—I do not know, I do not fear	85
XVIII.—A thousand years doth Nature plan	86
XIX.—Our passion, longing, love, and hate	88
XX.—I know when in the last ditch	89
XXI.—They stand to me, these men of mine	90
XXII.—God flings the golden days like coins	91
XXIII.—One only thing, I hope, I trust	92
XXIV.—I hunted heaven everywhere	93
XXV.—At the end of the lane of joy and pain	94

I

Because I never cared for fame,
Fame came and cared for me;
I who had sent her soul to shame,
And hell, and infamy.

Because I never cared for fame,
Fame came and cared for me;
God-glowing now with hearts afame,
We brook our ecstasy.

II

To-MORROW will be another day,
Let this grim one go
Steep'd to his starven soul in shame,
Fat with his paunch of woe.

To-morrow will be another day,
God! how the sun burns bright;
Phaethon! thou fool, the chariot,
Come! usher in the Night!

III

I THOUGHT to cull thee roses,
 But bear a sprig of rue
Pain-purpled in its closes,
 Both bitter-sweet and true.

I thought to cull thee roses,
 Take now thy wreath of me,
Hang it on thy bruised heart,
 I gathered it for thee.

IV

My Muse is like a woman ; she
Doth trouble, tease, and torture me,
Then in a moment sobs and clings
About me with soft murmurings.

My Muse is like a woman ; she
Doth woo me with her witchery—
By Hecate, and the hosts of hell,
I love no woman half so well !

V

MY HEART AND MY SOUL AND I

THE sun, and the sea, and the wind,
The wave, and the wind, and the sky,
We are off to a magical Ind,
My heart, and my soul, and I ;
Behind us the isles of despair
And mountains of misery lie.
We're away, anywhere, anywhere,
My heart, and my soul, and I.

O islands and mountains of youth,
O land that lies gleaming before,
Life is love, hope, and beauty, and truth,—
We will weep o'er the past no more.
Behind, are the bleak fallow years,
Before, are the sea and the sky,
We're away, with a truce to the tears,
My heart, and my soul, and I.

VI

I KNOW why thou wast born my song,
I know thy wild sweet ecstasy,
I know why all thy soul doth throng
With passion, tears, and melody.

'Tis that my Lady loveth thee,
And from her lips thou soon wilt flow,
Singing with tender sympathy,
Of all our bliss, of all our woe.

VII

A **FLAKE** at a time the dawn drifts down,
Filling the world with light ;
Heart of my heart, in dreams of thee
I smiled away the night.

And now 'tis morn, the garish sun
Doth flaunt his lurid beams ;
Speed day, speed light ; come quickly, night,
Bringing again my dreams.

VIII

THE deep dusk drifted down,
A star dreamed in the sky,
Heart to fond heart alone
We were, my bride and I.

At dawn a wisp of light
Came flick'ring faint and fair,
To kiss her bosom's white,
Her lips, her eyes, her hair.

IX

HERE is my Lady Butterfly,
And there is Baron Bee,
Sir Humming-Bird is preening nigh
Upon a cedar-tree.

These royal folk are very gay,
For bud and bush and bloom,
All know, Queen Rose at noon to-day
Doth hold her Drawing-Room.

X

LA JOCONDE

MONNA Lisa, Monna Lisa,
Did Da Vinci know
All that smile's inscrutable
Love, and bliss, and woe?

Monna Lisa, Monna Lisa,
Did those pleading hands
Lead him up, and on, and out
O'er Love's lotus lands?

Monna Lisa, Monna Lisa,
Bless our wild, fond fears;
Love doth dwell deep down thine eyes—
Deeper far than tears.

XI

TURIDDU, thee, this woman loved,
With all her tender, melting charms ;
See how she wept, and laughed, and clung
In the close shelter of thy arms.

Turiddu, now the woman hates,
Silent the wood-dove's cooing note,
Look, lest in blinded fury she
Shall leap and clutch thy tawny throat.

XII

I PINÈD in a palace grand,
Amid the fruits of Samarcand,
The fountains murmured wearily,—
My dear Muse had forsaken me.

Confinèd in a dungeon I
Revelled in dreams of ecstasy;—
By day, by night, within my soul,
My Muse sang like an oriole.

XIII

I CAUGHT a noontide hour
Fast in my eager hand;
I held it like a flower
I sought to understand.

I pluck'd its petals softly
Of moments each away;
I long'd to learn the thoughts that burn
The bosom of the day.

XIV

TAKE these timid violets,
Weeping with the dew ;
Shy as tricksy triolets,
All for you, for you.

To your bosom hold them,
Whispering my cares ;
In your heart enfold them,
Heed their purple prayers.

XV

SONG

VALERIE is very young,—
Valerie is very fair,
Past the telling of the tongue,
Is the glory of her hair ;
And the magic of her words
To the music of her voice,
Ringing, singing, seem to say,
“ O thou son of man rejoice.”

Valerie is very young,—
O'er her brow in splendor rolled,
Shining strands of gold are strung,
Titian, trembling, might behold,
And my heart and soul are caught,
Captive, in the meshes there,
Valerie is very young,—
Valerie is very fair.

XVI

HE wantons with the blushing East,
He woos the naked Noon,
The shameless Summer spreads a feast,
When he doth clasp the June.

And his forsaken bride of old,
Disdainful in distress,
Wanders o'er Night's star fields of gold,
Cold, pale, and passionless.

XVII

THIS Stradivari, sweet and good,
Was wrought of mellow, fragrant wood,
Sent breathing sylvan song and stir
To Cremona's artificer.

Now Marian holds the violin
Beneath her warmly huddling chin ;
Listen, and you may dreaming be
Again in love, and Italy.

XVIII

DRENCHED in a dew of tender tears,
A Song doth blossom in my heart,
The trembling words are fraught with fears,
The melody is love's sweet art.

O to my Lady, song, away,
Be thou my courier, true and fleet,
Mesh her in music all the day,
Then die in fragrance at her feet.

XIX

My heart was burned out long ago,
My bosom is a waste of snow,
And lonely as a pale lagoon,
In the dead mountains of the moon.

Could grim Vesuvius in an hour
Spend all his raging, potent power,
'Tis he, alone, might feebly know
How my heart burned out long ago.

XX

TEAR SONG

A MERRY young bush,
And a happy old tree,
A song of a thrush,
And a wave of the sea ;
A cloud in the sky,
And sweet tear-drops of rain,
A monarch am I,
On a poor couch of pain.

A forest of faith
In a valley of dreams,
“Be thou true unto death,”
Sob the murmuring streams ;
In glory the sun
Doth relinquish his reign,
The battle is won
On the red field of pain.

XXI

THE dark is dying, dying,
Weary, faint, forlorn,
I fling my casement open
To clasp the virgin Morn.

And now the Day is dying—
She that I love, I swear,
But see,—th' Evening woman,
With star-dust in her hair.

XXII

A MIST came over the mountain,
A mist came over the sea ;
The mist rose up from the fountain,
Singing a song unto me.

O mist of the beautiful mountain,
O mist of the sorrowful skies,
My heart is a deep weeping fountain
Splashing this mist to my eyes.

XXIII

THE wind is such a gossip,
I must be very still,
For every idle word I breathe
He'll carry o'er the hill.

And shrub, and rock, and bird, and tree,
That I love jealously,
May form some queer opinion
Of poor old foolish me.

XXIV

THE rhymes came in the rain,
After long sway of sun,
Weeping, singing, with love and pain,
The rhymes came in the rain.

Up to my heart they crept,
Deserted, torn, and slain!
We dream'd, we danc'd, we wept,
The rhymes came in the rain.

XXV

ABELARD AND HELOISE

ABELARD and Heloise,
Ne'er were lovers like to these ;
Flying in the face of fate,
Ground beneath the heel of hate,
Constant to the latest breath,
With a faith defying death,
Deeper than unsounded seas,—
Abelard and Heloise.

Abelard and Heloise,
Drained Love's chalice to the lees ;
Joyed and sorrowed, laughed and wept,
Tempest-torn and passion-swept ;
Now they dream away the days
In the peaceful Pere la Chaise,
Sleeping there beneath the trees,—
Abelard and Heloise.

XXVI

Out of the turbid pool of Night,
Out of the storm and gloom,
Morn, like a lily, pure and white,
Blossoms within my room.

Out of our bosom's hopeless Night,
Out of the rack and ruth,
Perchance may spring to life and light,
Lilies of love and truth.

XXVII

SOME time the rhyme will come and cling,
And leap, and laugh, and shout, and sing,
And whisper love, and joy, and bliss,
And coo and woo, and clasp and kiss.

Or oft the little rhyme will weep,
And in the bosom, sobbing, sleep
Glad rhymes, sad rhymes, that bubble up
Within the Poet's magic cup.

XXVIII

A CERTAIN thought hath followed me,
A fortnight and a day,
And what I do or where I be,
The thought will not away.

To-day, again, he came and tried
My sympathy to win,
I think I'll ope my bosom wide
And let the fellow in.

XXIX

You never see a bird alone,
There are always two;
Men and women singly moan;
Birds know how to woo.

The birds are never bachelors,
Or spinsters all unblest,
They wisely know the happiness
Within a sacred nest.

XXX

A ROSE IN WINTER

TELL me, I pray thee, gracious Rose,
The burden of thy wintry woes,
Why now thou seemest to despair,
Within the florist's window there.
Is it, as I have often heard,
About, you know, Sir Mocking-Bird?
Or doth thy soul this sadness see,
In dreams of beetle, and of bee,
Of June, and Noon, and Summer sky,
And gossips with the butterfly,
While in some happy apple-tree
A robin sang in ecstasy?
Is this thy sorrow, this thy care,
Within the florist's window there?

XXXI

WHEN my dear Love is absent,
And in lonely grief I stand,
My bosom is an Egypt
With a famine in the land.

But when she cometh to me
With a tender, trusting smile,
My bosom is an Egypt
With an overflowing Nile.

XXXII

A RIOT in the rose-bush,
A scuffle in the grass ;
The frightened flowers wonder
If war has come to pass.

A chatter and a clatter,
A wriggle and a squirm,
And all the row about a plump
And juicy little worm.

XXXIII

In youth mine eager eyes were bright,
Dazzled with all joy's golden light,
Wild, ardent, with unbridled haste,
Unwisely did I see and taste.

At peace am I, calm, poor, and old,
Nor fierce for fame, or lust for gold,
Through my blind eyes I trancèd see
These truths once dim and scant to me.

XXXIV

CLAD in a bridal robe of snow,
The Jungfrau waiteth white and still,
As the slow ages come and go,
For one to tame her haughty will.

While dull, poor centuries go by,
Mont Blanc, the monarch, lone doth stand,
Throned high upon his Alpine sky,
Looking to her in Switzerland.

XXXV

TO HENI

(An Egyptian official, died 2600 B.C. His skeleton is in the mummy section of the British Museum.)

HENI lived, and Heni died,
Forty-five hundred years ago,
This is his skeleton bleached and dried,
Snug in a box in Mummy Row;
How he fought, and how he fared,
Never a chronicle doth show,
And of the dangers that he dared,
Forty-five hundred years ago.

Just his dry bones in a case,
The oldest chap in Mummy Row;
Whether his thought was broad or base,
Never a syllable I know;
Making the rounds I found him there,
Careless of years that ebb and flow,
Shut from the sweet and balmy air,
Forty-five hundred years ago.

This his fate and this his fame,
Children come and stand tiptoe,
People pause and read the name,
The pioneer of Mummy Row ;
By the Nilus' fruitful tide,
Where lily and the lotus grow,
Heni lived, and Heni died,
Forty-five hundred years ago.

XXXVI

STAR SONG

Go home, Father Sun, send old Mother Moon,
Along with the baby stars,
And we will wait at the little gate,
Down by the meadow bars.

Hurry home, hurry home,
Happy Father Sun, West of the meadow bars,
And send us soon, old Mother Moon,
And all of the baby stars.

Now Mother Moon is coming up the East,
East of the meadow bars,
And twinkling after, with light and laughter,
Follow the baby stars.

Follow your Mother Moon, happy little stars,
Over the fields above ;
Come again to-morrow night, bubbling over with
delight,
Little baby stars of love.

XXXVII

IN ANCIENT GREECE

In ancient Greece sweet Sappho turned
Her thoughts to words that breathed and burned,
O temples, lutes, and incense urn'd
In ancient Greece.

Art, learning, grace, and beauty's bliss
Blossomed in the Acropolis,—
But lo, the woman, tender, true,

Who leans to me with lips of dew,
And love immortal in her eyes—
Thank God, I lived not with the wise
In ancient Greece.

XXXVIII

IN SWITZERLAND

IN Switzerland the mountains stand
Like sentinels to guard the land,
The sun doth wield a magic wand
In Switzerland.

The lakes are gold and amethyst,
Where sky, and light, and cloud have kissed,
And up the crag, and down the dell,

On snowy height, or summer mead,
The wind doth ever whisper “TELL;”
The waters murmur “WINKELRIED,”
In Switzerland.

XXXIX

I FOLLOW Song,—

Unto the utmost East I follow Song.
Song dawns with day, it dreams with dusk,
It lights the happy stars upon their way,
It calms the wild, weird fears that throng:
I follow Song.

I follow Song.

There youth and love go laughing, hand in hand ;
There sorrow, joy, and hope and tears,
Are of one gentle, weeping, sister band,
Sent to illumine man's impassioned years :
I follow Song.

I follow Song.

O Death, made dear by sweetest melody,
Come thou at noon or night, I go
Fondly to thy embrace, so thou wilt show
Unto my soul the Soul of Poetry :
I follow Song.

XL

We are so merry, contented, and gay,
Enid and I and the baby,
What do we care for the Appian Way,
Enid and I and the baby?
Politics, wars, and the tariff may go,
Little we reck how the fickle winds blow,
We're a triumvirate, mighty and low,
Enid and I and the baby.

Climb up, my little son, here to my knee—
Enid and I and the baby,
Isn't he sturdy and brave as could be?—
Enid and I and the baby;
Take him, my dear, he is weary with play,
See how he blinks in that Sleepy-town way,
Here is a kiss all round, and hurrā—
Enid and I and the baby.

XLI

MORNING SONG

EVERY little blade of grass
Says “Good-Morning” when we pass ;
Every tree doth nod and say,
“ ‘Tis a rare” or “Rainy day ;”

Every rose on every bush,
Be it Brier, Moss, or Blush,
Lifts its lips in fragrant bliss
For a caress or a kiss.

Would we only list and hear
All they whisper in our ear,
Thou and I need never know
Foolish words like “Want” and “Woe ;”

I and thou in tranquil ways
Might employ the nights and days ;
Nature loveth to confer
Peace on him who heedeth her.

XLII

BYRON, SHELLEY, KEATS, AND POE

BYRON, Shelley, Keats, and Poe,
Wrath and rapture, wit and woe;
Dreamers, debauchees divine,
Frantic with a frenzy fine,
Hearts of fire, souls of snow,
Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Poe.

Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Poe.
Oh, sweet pain the Poets know ;
Doomed and damned, and crowned, and caught
To bliss upon the wings of thought ;
Brain and vein, and pulse aglow,
Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Poe.

Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Poe,
Kingdoms crumble, empires go,
Truth the jewel, wrought in rhyme,
Sparkles on the brow of Time ;
Gods upon them peace bestow,
Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Poe.

XLIII

HEART, we were so happy then,
Thou and I, thou and I ;
Heart, he seemed the man of men,
And the mountain and the glen
Blossomed into sunshine when,
Joyous, he came nigh.

Heart, we are so lonely now,
Thou and I, thou and I ;
Gloom is on the mountain's brow,
And, poor heart, we weep enow,
Yet we proudly cherish how
Did our warrior die.

XLIV

WINTER SONG

THE hills where I was wont to go
Are buried in a shroud of snow ;
The Ice king holds in fast embrace
The river with her shining face ;
The trees, impatient, stand and wait
Summer to ope her golden gate,
But though wild winter doth enfold,—
Our merry hearts are never cold.

The hills again in green will rise
And lift their banners to the skies ;
The river burst her frozen thong,
And leap and laugh in joyous song ;
Each tree will don his leafy coat,
The robin sing with lusty throat ;
Blessings will be most manifold,—
Our merry hearts are never cold !

XLV

AT THE URN

Ida sitteth at the urn,
Every afternoon at three;
Since that summer at Lucerne
I am very fond of,—tea;
“Sugar?” “Thank you, just a lump.”
Ah, Pilatus, proud and free,
How my foolish heart goes thump,
I am very fond of,—tea.

Ida sitteth at the urn,
“One more cup?” “Why certainly,”
While we watched Swiss sunsets burn,
I grew very fond of,—tea;
Now we’re married, in a flat,
She paints things, I write you see,
Cheese and kisses, and all that,
And we’re very fond of,—tea.

XLVI

DOVES

At evening in the peaceful grove,
And in the forest dim,
Where every nook is light with love,
And every sound a hymn,
The gentle doves, the tender doves,
Come flying home to rest
Each happy little head upon
Another happy breast.

At evening on the city pave,
And in the city street,
With footsteps leading to the grave,
And to the winding-sheet,
The poor lost doves, the storm-toss'd doves,
The fallen sisters come,
Whose lives are lame, whose souls are shame,
Alas, who have no home!

XLVII

OFF SANTIAGO

(June, 1898.)

I

HOBSON went towards death and hell,
Hobson and his men,
Unregarding shot and shell,
And the rain of fire that fell,
Calm, undaunted, fearless, bold,
Every heart, a heart of gold,
Steadfast, daring, uncontrolled—
Hobson and his men.

II

Hobson came from death and hell,
Hobson and his men,
Shout the tidings, ring the bell,
Let the pealing anthems swell,
Back from wreck, and raft, and wave,
From the shadow of the grave,
Every honor to the brave—
Hobson and his men.

XLVIII

I bowed to a tree, and his thought unto me
Was, "Bless you, O bless you, O bless you!"
I smiled at the sky, and the blue seemed to cry,
"O bless you, O bless you, O bless you!"
I chirped to a bird, and the answer I heard
Was, "Bless you, O bless you, O bless you!"
I sang everywhere, and the echoing air
Rang, "Bless you, O bless you, God bless you!"

The mountain and vale, the dell and the dale,
Proclaim to mankind, "O God bless you!"
The land and the sea, in beauty and glee,
Forever seem saying, "God bless you!"
The noon and the night, in dreamful delight
Of sunshine and stars, say, "God bless you!"
A pæan of mirth doth engirdle the earth
Of "Bless you, O bless you, God bless you!"

XLIX

ODE TO LIBERTY

I

WHITE as the light of noonday sun,
The name and fame of Washington,
His deeds are writ with loving art
On every page of every heart,
His mighty men more stanch than oak,
In thunder tones to Britain spoke,
And from the mountain to the sea
The echoes rang with Liberty.

II

But never were we wholly free,
Or tasted sweetest liberty,
While from the east to western wave
One mortal called another,—“ Slave !”
But when the civil conflict came,
When from the passion and the flame
The nation rose triumphant, free,
Then knew we sweetest Liberty.

III

When Lincoln bade a race arise
And look to God with new-born eyes,
This was the day and this the deed,
And Freedom stood unbonneted ;
This was the deed and this the day
When all the Blue and all the Gray
Might reunite and sing in glee
Of Liberty, sweet Liberty.

IV

And now the sun of freedom shines,
And every vine of freedom twines,—
Holding the Union in a grasp,
No earthly power shall unclasp ;
No North, no South, no East or West,
But one Republic brave and blest,
Whose song and watchword aye shall be,
But Liberty, sweet Liberty.

L

ALL the people of the earth
Have a common death and birth ;
All the men beneath the sky
Hope and love as thou and I ;
Some are weak and some are strong,
Some are right and some are wrong,
But as dusk is after day,
We must journey in one way.
Of the hosts of humankind,
Some have vision, some are blind,
But the poorest child of fate
Doth outline the kingly state ;
Over land and over sea,
Life, and death, and mystery ;
Childhood, age, and from the steep,
All must make the final leap,
All must crumble into clay,
In one calm and peaceful way ;
To perfect the sacred plan,
Let us love our fellow-man.

LI

TO THE NATIONS

SHAME on your craven crew,
You coward Nations, you !
Sitting supinely by,
While men file out to die ;
Glory, you call it,—Shame
Shall be its filthy name !
Lust, pillage, blood, and hate
Envenom all the State ;
You call it war,—you do,—
Shame on you, Nations—you !

Shame on your sickly crew,
You coward Nations, you !
Prating of God and Peace ;—
Go, bid the carnage cease ;—
Drag Emperor and Tsar
Before your mighty bar ;
Let Love and Mercy reign
Over the land and main ;—
You call it war, you do,—
Shame on you, Nations—you !

Book II

BEING MORE ECHOES

FROM

The Gates of Silence

WITH

INTERLUDES OF SONG

The Gates of Silence



TO THE MEMORY
OR
SAM AND MARGARET

I sent my Soul through the Invisible.

THE RUBÁIYÁT.

I

ORB after orb, sphere upon sphere,
Fire-feasting worlds aflame,
In lines of light upon the night,
Tracing Jehovah's name.

Star calling unto star,
Across the deeps above,
With one vast voice, "Rejoice, rejoice,
Jehovah's name is Love."

II

THE lily whispered : “ From the sod
I leap into the light ;
Thou churlish clod, to doubt thy God,
Nor know the noon from night.

“ Look where I lay, but yesterday,
O thou of feeble faith,—
So thou shalt climb, and soar sublime
From the swift pause of death.”

III

WE stand upon a narrow strip of years,
Time's boundless ocean laving either shore ;
One pale expanse behind us, and before
Another sea its vasty bulk uprears ;
Out of the submerged centuries doth come,
No hint or whisper of the veiléd plan,
Still o'er the desert winds the caravan
To read the riddle, but the sphinx is dumb.
Man's soul, a restless captive clad in clay,
Sees not beyond the walls of Night and Day ;
The wrecks of creeds and dogmas strew the past,
And prophecy is but an idle breath,
To know, we must adventure at the last,
'Neath the grim guidance of the pilot, Death.

IV

WHAT! I fear Death?
Believe me, no ;
Out of a mystery we come,
Into the light we go.

What! I fear Death?
I swear to thee,
My chiefest thought is one
Of curiosity.

V

DEEPLY dark God's secret dwells,
Vainly Saint and Psalmist sing ;—
All the heavens, all the hells,
Are of Man's imagining.

Man, who walks in unknown ways,
Blind beneath the singing skies ;
Man, who sucks the dug-drawn days
Dry of Demons, Deities.

VI

COME, O night, with peace and rest,
I am ill of day ;
Come, O night, upon thy breast
Let me drift away ;
All the little stars will creep
Softly lest they mar my sleep,
Every wand'ring wind will weep,
Come, O gentle Night !

Come, O Death, with rest and peace,
I am ill of life ;
Come, O death, and let us cease
Love, and joy, and strife ;
O'er my grave the breath of June,
Poppy and the rose aswoon
All the yellow afternoon,
Come, O gentle Death !

VII

MAN, the atom, boldly goes
To battle with his dearest foes ;
Man, the atom, doth persuade,
God, is in our image made.

Man, the atom, soars and sings,
Lord of lords, and king of kings ;
Then, baffled by dumb, doubting skies,
Man, the atom, bravely dies.

VIII

FATE flings her gauntlet at my feet,
I boldly lift the gage ;
Fear shall not be my company
Upon the pilgrimage.

Death cannot daunt, nor woe, nor want,
Nor all the shafts of scorn ;
O'er Life's glad day I speed away,
Mad with its mirth of morn.

IX

TIME doth not fly, nor creep, nor crawl, nor run ;
'Tis we that move ; Time standeth vast and still,
And keepeth ward o'er valley and o'er hill,
While we, like dewdrops in the morning sun,
Gleam and are gone ; Oh, say not then that Time
Moves slowly, swiftly ; Time is young as when
The first-born of the haughty race of men
Rose up and dared death with a soul sublime.
The Summer, Autumn, Winter, and the Spring
Stand in amaze as we speed wildly by,
And Nature's self is ever wondering
That we so soon upon her bosom die.
Say not Time goes, 'tis hastening man who flees,
While stand agape the startled centuries.

X

If we must come to naught,
Yet is it best to be,
There is but one vast thought,—
'Tis Immortality.

The wild dreams of the soul
Can never be in vain,
Unto some lofty goal
Wendeth the mortal train.

XI

O GOODLY plot of sky and earth,
 Of mountain and of lea,
Of children, roses, sorrow, mirth,
 And bliss and agony.

Ours are the tides of years that flow
 Unto the unknown sea,
Through childhood, frosty age ; then ho,
 We set sail for the mystery !

XII

I THOUGHT that I had died and, fleet of soul,
Was speeding outward through the realms of Night,
On and yet on I winged my eager flight,
Straining to catch a first glimpse of the goal ;
I felt the billows of the darkness roll,
Waving about me in their turgid might ;
I prayed to God that but one ray of light
Would glimmer faintly from a friendly knoll ;
The clumsy ages slowly crept along,
And still I drifted o'er the unknown way,
Until, afar, I heard seraphic song,
And came where weary pilgrims rest and pray ;
Then, then, our child that died at infancy
Came toddling out to kiss and welcome me.

XIII

Two legions battling in the blood
Are struggling for the soul ;
The one of evil, one of good,
Both grappling for the goal.

One pleading peace, one urging strife,
Lashed 'twixt the twain am I ;
God grant the better angels life,
Bid the damn'd demons die.

XIV

Poor, hoping, praying, helpless man,
Without a chart, without a plan,
Bound for a voyage on a sea
Of death, of life, of mystery.

Believing all things, knowing naught,
Kings of the mighty realm of thought,
Off for a voyage on a sea
Of dark, of light, of mystery.

XV

THE shades of evening softly fall,
Farewell, a long farewell,
Parting must come to one and all,
Farewell, again farewell ;
Love like a beacon shines afar,
And Faith is steadfast as a star,
Before us lies the harbor-bar,
Farewell, and then farewell.

Let old Grief hide her aching eyes,
Farewell, dear heart, farewell,
Morning again will light the skies,
Farewell, and then farewell ;
Our barque is on the ocean years,
O ebb of joy, O flow of tears,
And gently pealing in our ears,
Farewell, a last farewell !

XVI

THIS life we know, of bliss and woe,
Then what will soft unfold ;
Ah, sweet the years of loves and fears,
And youth's mad minted gold.

This life we know but lordly powers,
Above, below, that be,
What of the voyage that is ours
Over the unknown sea !

XVII

I do not know, I do not fear,
I only stand amazédly,
And, down the dawn or nightly sky,
Watch pageants wonderful pass by.

I do not fear, my soul doth hear,
My wild enraptured soul doth see,
'Tis but the curtain rising
On an act that is to be.

XVIII

A THOUSAND years doth Nature plan
Upon the making of a Man ;
She sweeps the generations through,
To find the patient, strong, and true ;
She rends the surge of seven seas,
Rearing a humble Socrates ;
She burns a hundred years of sun,
Sealing the soul of Solomon.

A thousand years doth Nature plan
Upon the making of a Man ;
She sees the ages dawn apace,
Ere Moses rouse his shackled race,
Or Homer or sweet Shakespeare sing,
Beside his deep eternal spring ;
The centuries rise in reverence when
Buddha doth come unto his men.

A thousand years doth Nature plan
Upon the making of a Man ;
She fills his heart with fire and faith,
She leaves him loyal unto death ;
She lights his lustrous, loving eye
With flash of immortality ;
She adds one more undying name
Upon the heated scroll of Fame.

XIX

OUR passion, longing, love, and hate

Mean something more, mean something more;
Not idly do the winds of fate
Around about us crack and roar.

Our joy and sorrow, bliss and pain,

Mean something more, mean something more;
Mercy will kiss away the stain
If that our souls are sullied o'er.

XX

I KNOW when in the last ditch,
For then I gaily sing,
When poorest, I am rich,
Burgeons of blossoming.

I know when I am poor,
And low, and meek, and sad,
God standeth at my door,
Yearning to make me glad.

XXI

THEY stand to me, these men of mine,
Brigaded end to end,
And though we send nor hint nor sign,
All comprehend.

We raise the crimson falling flanks,
Ensanguin'd battles done ;
Then, in well-knit, beseeming ranks,
We march from sun to sun.

XXII

God flings the golden days like coins
Out of his spendthrift hands;
They lie up-piled by centuries
O'er all the lavish lands.

Old miser Time hoards them away,
Cunning and carefully;
Perhaps he hopes at last to own
All of Eternity.

XXIII

ONE only thing, I hope, I trust,
I know if all my thought is just,
I know if all my deeds are kind,
No future fear can haunt my mind.

I hope, I trust, I feel, I know,
Where'er my soul may groping go,
Or through the shadow, or the night,
At last, it must, it will be light.

XXIV

I HUNTED heaven everywhere,
I blindly sought for solace sweet,
While shyly peeping unaware,
Meek daisies nestled at my feet.

I cried aloud for hint of God,
Telling my beaded baubles o'er,
While from the quick womb of the sod,
Glad roses climbed to deck my door.

XXV

At the end of the lane of joy and pain,
We come to the little gate ;
The king and the clown, and the court go down
Through its portals soon or late ;
The peasant, the peer, the sage, and the seer
Depart when the day comes round,
With a muffled cry and a last good-by,
Out through the gate in the ground.

Tis fix'd by fate, we must pass the clay gate,
Little clay gate in the ground,
At the end of our ways of nights and days,
'Tis marked by a grassy mound ;
We bend o'er the bier with a sob and tear,
And the still lips give no sound ;
We never can know where God's gardens grow,
But through the gate in the ground.

POEMS
In Delft and Blue
A BOOK OF VERSES
THE GATES OF SILENCE
With Interludes of Song
SONGS FROM A GEORGIA GARDEN

FROM THE REVIEWS

“A brother to Omar.”—*Republic*, St. Louis.

“A startling book.”—*Commercial Advertiser*, New York.

“A poet worthy the name.”—*Tribune*, Minneapolis.

“His lyrics are the most perfect of our day.”—*Advertiser*, Montgomery.

“Deserves a place among the important books of the season.”—*Argus*, Albany, New York.

“We could quote many exquisite bits of tenderness and beauty from these pages. The collection shows how sweet and distinct is his genius.”—*Independent*, New York.

“Mr. Loveman’s charming volume contains true poetry.”—*Westminster Review*, London.

“There is beauty, rhythm, poetry in every line.”—*The Bookseller*, Chicago.

“Of the sixty-five poems in the book, each one contains a genuine thought, a high ideal, and is like an exquisitely carved gem.”—*Literary World*, Boston.

“Mr. Loveman won fame by an earlier book, so it is not of a new writer we speak, nor of one who has much to learn of his art.”—*Bookman*, London.

“Robert Loveman has won high rank among American lyric poets.”—*Commercial*, Buffalo.

Cloth. Postpaid, each, \$1.00

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
PHILADELPHIA





